To Feel With, To Play With, To Love

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by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

When Will looked out his window a few minutes later, coffee still warm from when the Boy had poured it this morning, he saw that Hannibal had shed his suit jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and climbed directly into the dumpster. He'd found the file quite quickly, blood red as it was.

Curious, curious thing.

Will was doing it again. He should not have been doing it again. It had all gone so badly the last time.
Will turned back to his work.

Will Graham does not want a secretary, but he needs one. Hannibal Lecter doesn't need a job, but he wants one.

Notes

For the lovely Laura who wanted this AU written - we are *so excited*, you know we love that SSC BDSM goodness! This is based on the film Secretary (2002) but we didn't word-for-word copy it, so entirely up to you if you want to watch it first or go in blind. See bottom notes for more indepth (and possibly spoiler) info.

This will update slowly/periodically but it absolutely will update, so never fear!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will Graham didn't want a secretary, but he needed one. He needed one because communicating with one person face to face was simpler than doing so with many people, and a buffer between himself and Jack Crawford, himself and his editor, himself and his publicist, and anyone else who crawled out of the woodwork one fine fucking day sounded more and more like a good idea.

So he'd advertised.

Quietly.

Through one student forum.

He'd spent the week interviewing potentials, some only getting as far as saying his name enthusiastically before Will sent them on their way, until the Boy had walked in.

The Boy - and Will deliberately capitalized the word in his mind - was a transfer, had an impeccable academic record, dressed to the nines, looked like he hadn't slept in a week and was -

"Overqualified," Will repeated, raising an eyebrow at the young man who blinked at him, seemingly still confused. "You are far too overqualified for this position, Mr. Lecter. It's very dull work."

"I don't mind dull work."

"You'll be bored."

"I want to be bored." And that resonated. Something ticked in Will that had him sitting back in his seat a moment, contemplating his next statement. The young man before him - one Hannibal Lecter, the Boy - was closed off, like a wall. He was intelligent and exhausted. He was handsome. He avoided eye contact as expertly as Will usually did.

"Do you know what a typewriter is?" Will asked next. The Boy smiled.

"Yes, of course."

"I don't use computers for certain aspects of my work," Will continued. "Confidentiality. Sensitive information."

"That's not a problem."

It usually was. It weeded out the fresh-faced college graduates, the ones who'd only seen typewriters in films. And the lazy, people who would hate to have to go back and type again and again.

"I keep odd hours. I have very little patience for mistakes. I often don't break for lunch."

“I’ll bring one. For the both of us.”

The Boy stared him down. Determined. But something was broken about him, Will could see it lingering in the corners.

No. He’d had quite enough of broken things. They generally wanted to be patched back together. Will was only good at the part where he took things to pieces.

The phone rang. It rang again. The Boy looked at Will. Will was suddenly reminded of why he’d posted the ad, not knowing then that an attractive Boy would answer it.

Will hated the phone. He hated people. He wanted to interact with people as little as possible.

“I’m not here,” he said, shoving the phone across the desk.

The Boy didn’t even hesitate. “Will Graham’s office, Mr. Graham is out right now, may I take a message?”

He scrawled a number across a notepad, staring Will in the eyes as he did.

“Thank you, Mr. Crawford. I’ll have Mr. Graham return your call at his earliest convenience.”

Will kept his eyes on the Boy a moment longer, let his gaze drop only when he slipped the note across the table to Will and retreated back to the other side of the desk. Perhaps it would work. If it didn’t it was no skin off Will’s nose to fire this one and get another. Or retire, and never speak to anyone ever again.

And Hannibal was such a curiously *obedient* thing…

“I have a publishing deadline in three weeks,” Will said after a moment, dropping his hand to the table, fingers tapping against Jack’s number absently. “My editor is up my ass about it and his form of encouragement is far from encouraging. Do you understand?”

The Boy nodded slowly. “I think so, Mr. Graham.”

“All calls from him are not to be transferred, forwarded, or even held for me. Should he decide he actually wants my book at the pace I write, he’ll come here himself and speak to me about it.”

The Boy nodded again.

“Jack Crawford calls me for consultations on cases. I expect you to keep up with the news in regards to open investigations and use your judgement in regards to whether or not his calls will be put through to me.”

Hannibal’s brows furrowed gently but still, *still* he didn’t back away, apologize, *leave the damn office* . It was doing Will’s head in.

“Make me a coffee,” he said finally. “Black.”

“Right away, Sir.”

Sir. It burned deep under Will’s skin, right into the core where pieces of Will’s last fuck up still lingered.

God, Hannibal was beautiful, obedient, *perfect* , and Will was so, so fucked.

“I found work today.”

Dinner had been a quiet affair. It always was. Hannibal and his uncle had very little to say to each other if it wasn’t about business, and his uncle’s wife never seemed to want to show favoritism to either in front of the other.

Chiyoh just didn’t speak. It was her way. Hannibal envied the ease of it. When *he* had been a silent thing, in the wake of his coming to live with them, his uncle had sent him to therapy. Several months, constant, until Hannibal could force small talk.

Hannibal approved of therapy, in general, but he didn’t approve of being made to talk to his uncle.

“What sort of work?” His uncle asked.

Hannibal considered his answer. He had been privileged his entire life to not need to seek out work before this. He had no references, no experience, nothing to offer to the workforce outside of his academic records. He hadn’t needed to get work now, either, but the thought of remaining chained to his uncle for the rest of his life, even as an adult, made Hannibal feel ill.

“Research assistant,” he replied. “To a professor in the forensic psychology department.”

“You’re studying medicine.”

“I am,” Hannibal agreed, chewing the inside of his lip a moment to center himself again. “His research covers several departments and I thought the experience would be advantageous.”

Silence.

Hannibal could feel his cousin’s eyes on him and lifted his own. She gave him a gentle smile but said nothing else. From her it was the equivalent of a shriek of joy. She was sweet. She’d never been anything but a gentle presence in Hannibal’s life. Like a sister.

Almost.

Almost like a sister.

“As long as you don’t fall behind on your own work.” his uncle said after what felt like ten minutes of breathless tension. Hannibal gently stabbed his fork into a potato.

“No, uncle. Of course I won’t.”

“Hannibal.” Hannibal’s fingers lifted from the typewriter, eyes on the small speaker on his desk. Silence. He’d quickly learned that more often than not Mr Graham preferred to have Hannibal wait to receive his request in silence, rather than immediately asking for it. “I seem to have misplaced the Hobbs file.”

Hobbs. Something tugged at a sliver of memory. A name on a sheet of paper when he’d last emptied the bins.

“I think I must have thrown it away.”

There were several things Hannibal could do. He could look himself; Mr. Graham was not an organized man, and he’d looked right past things on more than one occasion. Hannibal could attempt to find a copy in his files. He could do the humiliating thing on Mr. Graham’s behalf, and call Mr. Crawford to see if he could fax a copy. Or…

“Would you like me to check for you, Sir?”

In the heartbeats that followed, Hannibal didn’t question himself. It didn’t matter *why* he wanted to do this. He just did. He liked doing things for Mr. Graham. He liked keeping his life running smoothly and impressing him with his efforts.

“If you’d be so kind.”

When Will looked out his window a few minutes later, coffee still warm from when the Boy had poured it this morning, he saw that Hannibal had shed his suit jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and climbed directly into the dumpster. He’d found the file quite quickly, blood red as it was.

Curious, curious thing.

Will was doing it again. He should not have been doing it again. It had all gone so badly the last time.

Will turned back to his work.

He smelled him before he saw him; though the dumpster was meant to be for paper waste only, it was rare anyone at the FBI actually gave a shit and followed proper regulation. Will was often himself guilty of tossing a half finished cup of coffee into it as he passed on his way to the back door of the academy.

Now, Hannibal stood at the side of Will’s desk, shoulders back, posture perfect, holding out the folder on the palms of his hands as a butler would hold a tray. Will didn’t look at him, let him wait, let him stand there until the Boy’s hands began to tremble incrementally from the strain. And still, the Boy did not call Will’s name, did not interrupt him, did not even bring attention to himself or put the folder down, as anyone else would have done.

As anyone else *should* have done.

“Is that the Hobbs file?” Will asked unnecessarily perhaps five minutes later, when Hannibal still hadn’t moved. The words broke him of whatever stupor had held him still and the file was immediately under Will’s nose, smelling worse than the Boy holding it.

“Yes, Sir, it seems it was accidentally disposed of.”

“Hmm,” Will sat back, eyeing the filthy thing with disgust before turning to look at the Boy instead. “Files should be shredded, information like this is incredibly dangerous should it get into the wrong hands.” Will reached for his cup, half full still, and dragged it across the desk until it was resting beneath Hannibal’s stomach where he’d bent slightly over the desk. “Coffee. This one’s cold.”

Hannibal licked his lips. “And… the file -”

“Shredded,” Will smiled, turning his plastic megawatt expression to the Boy. “I didn’t need it after all.”

He waited for outrage, for ire. He received, perhaps, a twinge or displeasure, a flash of unease behind brown eyes. Then it was gone, though the touch of red to Hannibal’s cheeks lingered.

“Of course, Sir.”

When he walked away, he did it with his head held high, as if he hadn’t gotten his carefully pressed suit filthy, as if Will hadn’t just sent him off for his own amusement. Will shut the door behind him and leaned against it.

No no no. Bad, very bad. This was how it started. Quick, bright, obedient things with pretty smiles and needy eyes. Will was a sucker for them.

Just a little. Just a game or two. If he didn’t actually *touch* Hannibal, if it was never *official* , well, that was alright, wasn’t it? It was only when things got *intimate* that Will had a problem.

Will slid back into his seat just in time for the door to open. He let Hannibal stand there, holding the steaming mug, because Hannibal wanted it just as badly as Will did. He waited until Hannibal’s legs had to be stiff, until his hands must have been uncomfortably hot, and then finally took the cup.

“I think I hear your phone,” Will said helpfully.

The Boy held his breath, listened for the telltale shudder of the phone behind him and inclined his head before walking swiftly back to his desk to pick it up. Will burned his tongue on the coffee watching him.

The inevitability of his editor actually storming the fort had occurred to Will but he’d had it at the back of his mind, at best. He knew who was there for him the moment he heard that very distinct voice holler his name down the hallway, ignoring Hannibal where he sat.

As per his norm, really, he'd ignored the last secretary too. He ignored Will when he told him to fuck off just as easily.

With a curse, Will yanked open his door and let the man in. No use trying to hide when it was very clear that Will was *in* . He didn't look at the Boy before he shut the door again.

By the time he'd left, Will wanted to throw himself from the window. Considering they were on the first floor, the amount of damage would be laughably minimal, but the desire remained. He sat low in his seat and tapped his fingers against each other where his hands rested on his stomach.

He wasn't too far behind on his deadline, not really. The man was just insufferable and ruthless. It's why Will had kept him through three publications, despite wanting to flay him alive when he dragged Will to promotional events. With a groan, Will pressed his fingers to his eyes and pushed himself to stand.

"Hannibal." he needed a distraction. He needed something lovely and obedient to take his mind off of this mess. He wanted nothing more than to command Hannibal to his knees the moment he entered the room, to have him crawl to the sofa Will had dropped himself into and rest on all fours before him to act as a footstool. He wanted nothing more than to read a goddamn newspaper with a beautiful Boy serving him in silence.

He *wanted* .

When the Boy appeared in the doorway, Will crooked a finger to bring him closer. The way he stopped, just shy of standing *directly* between Will's legs damn near pulled a moan from him, but Will was nothing if not a master of control, even of himself.

"How long have you been here, now, Hannibal?" he asked.

"Nearly three months, Sir." Will could practically hear him capitalizing the title in his head.

"Nearly three months," Will repeated. That was longer than anyone else had survived Will's exacting and increasingly ridiculous demands. Better for both them *and* Will, really, but Hannibal was stubborn. Will liked that about him. "And do you like your job?"

Hannibal hesitated. He sensed a trap, smart Boy. Will could see the wheels turning. If he said yes, Will would know him to be a liar, and it would sour this thing growing between them. Saying no would be much the same, and rude on top of it all.

"It keeps me busy," Hannibal finally said. "I like to be kept busy."

"That it does," Will agreed with a wry smile. "What else do you like?"

Hannibal stiffened. Neither he nor Will himself had been prepared for a sudden personal tilt to the conversation. Will wanted to drown himself in his own coffee. He'd gone too far again, he really had-

"The park," Hannibal said, his voice soft and distant. "Walking through the grass in the sunlight. It's nearly summer now. There will be flowers."

Will looked at him, at this pristine and proper Boy, at the tension in him, the bags under his eyes, the gentle tuck of his bottom lip suggesting that he was chewing it softly.

“Sit down,” Will told him, shifting just enough to make room for Hannibal, but not enough to allow him the entire half of the sofa as he clearly wanted. The Boy sat, obedient and careful. After a moment of Will’s silent scrutiny, he allowed himself to relax. Will brought his coffee to his lips again.

“Do you often go?”

Hannibal shook his head. “Not as often as I’d like.”

“Why not?”

Hannibal paused a moment, eyes shifting from Will’s as he genuinely considered his answer. Not a quick shrug and a suggestion that it didn’t matter, not an awkward attempt to move the conversation away from him, though it was clear he desperately wanted to.

“It’s expected that I study,” Hannibal murmured. “That I get good grades. And I do, I make an effort, I enjoy learning.”

“But you don’t allow yourself other things around that,” Will suggested, watching Hannibal nod.

“Not as often as I’d like,” he repeated softly, and flicked his eyes to Will’s again before looking away. Will moved to cross one leg over the other, noting just how carefully Hannibal paid attention to the motion, how his fingers twitched in his lap as though he wanted to reach out, to touch, to do *something* .

“Who puts those expectations on you?” Will asked next, watching Hannibal take a breath and release it slowly.

“Myself, I’ll admit. Though my family expects a lot from me.”

Something in Will released, a chain link that had been holding back a surge of need that now threatened to overflow and overpower Will entirely. He hummed instead, a shift of sound against his vocal chords.

No one *making* him do this, no one *telling him* to. The Boy was entirely submissive and obedient in his own right, entirely perfect in every way for what Will looked for in a Boy. This was a terrible, terrible idea. He should fire him. Tell Hannibal to go home and get lost and never think of this Boy again.

He should.

He was going to.

“Hannibal, I want you to go home,” Will said, tilting his head with a gentle smile when Hannibal looked at him with furrowed brows. “I want you to go home early. I want you to

walk through the park on your way there, and take as much time as you want enjoying the weather.”

He could see the question resting just behind Hannibal’s teeth. He swallowed it, as he swallowed every question or complaint he might have had about any of Will’s commands. “Do you need anything before I leave?”

Will considered. Another cup of coffee would be nice, but there was no reason to send Hannibal for it other than his own pleasure. And today, he was giving Hannibal a treat. A reward.

No, because those things implied a greater intimacy than they could handle. He was just being *nice* .

“Not today. I’ll see you tomorrow, Hannibal.”

There were, indeed, flowers in the park. Peonies, blooming in little fenced off areas. Mischa would have loved them. It tightened something in Hannibal’s chest to see them without her, but not in an unbearable way. He hadn’t been able to think pleasantly of her in a long time.

But now, he was in the park. He could smell the flowers and feel the sun on his skin, something he hadn’t allowed himself in a long time. Something he wouldn’t have allowed himself at all, had it not been for Mr. Graham…

Hannibal’s life was changing. His center, the things he drew his peace from. Everything had shifted. On days he didn’t work, he felt… lost. He often found his internal voice taking on the tone of Mr. Graham when he himself couldn't do something or felt he didn't deserve to.

He found himself seeking permission for things any normal person wouldn't need permission for.

Just being in Mr. Graham's office, typing away on his red typewriter, brought Hannibal a kind of stability he rarely felt alone. Often, he'd let his mind wander as he worked, remembering the way Mr. Graham's fingers flexed just so before he took his coffee from Hannibal every morning, the way his jaw ticked when he was holding back on saying something Hannibal desperately wanted him to say.

The irony was that he didn't know *what* he wanted Mr. Graham to say. He just knew that whatever he said, Hannibal would obey without question.

Hannibal began to wonder if perhaps there was some truth in the adage *'be careful what you wish for'* as soon as the next week started, however.

"Hannibal," he'd drawn Hannibal's name out, meaning he was in the kind of mood that electrified the air and made Hannibal feel breathless when he entered the office. "I need you to replace the mousetraps. The creatures work faster than shredders and don't discriminate between useful information and useless leftovers."

Hannibal let his eyes follow the line of Will's hand to where he pointed. On the floor. Behind the filing cabinet, under the side table, around the potted rubber plant.

He'd have to crawl.

He'd have to keep an ear out for the phones at his desk beyond the door.

"Right away, Sir." He said.

He could feel Will's eyes on him as he dropped to his knees by the table, and then further, to hands and then elbows. He knew what he looked like. He was proud of what he looked like.

He had a sudden flash of nervousness that it wasn't *quite* what Will was looking for.

"It's a little further back," Will said. Hannibal grinned, stretching, arching his back. He was on display like this. It sent a rush through him, a thrill that he hadn't felt in a very long time.

When the phone inevitably rang sometime around the third trap, breaking the bubble of tension that hung over them, Hannibal very nearly whined in his disappointment. He was a little embarrassed to say he made a bit of a show of it, wiggling his hips as he crawled backwards out of his hiding space and stretched back to his full height.

When he turned, Will was looking down at his desk, shuffling through paperwork. Hannibal felt his eyes again, though, as he left the room.

By the time Hannibal returned, Will was sitting on the couch, a folder open in his wide hand, his other scratching his scalp with the end of a pen.

"Two more," Will said, not even looking up. "If you don't mind."

Blue eyes met brown when he did, and Hannibal fought with every ounce of his willpower not to look away first.

"Yes, Sir." he sank to his knees without a word more.

The problem with Hannibal - and there were very few, if truth be told - was that he was always present. Not invasively so, he was very quiet and organized at his little desk, always answered the phones, rarely put anyone through. He got Will his coffee, he checked his files, he ran meaningless errands for Will's pleasure to see the Boy obey. But he was *there* . Will could sense him, even through closed doors, and it infuriated him.

It shouldn't be difficult to keep someone out of sight out of mind, and yet until Hannibal was on his way home, or Will was driving back to Wolf Trap, he was thinking about their proximity. He was thinking about the Boy and his obedience; how beautiful he looked sinking to his knees, settling down on all fours, stretching out and arching his back and -

No.

This had to stop. And the best way to do it was to have Hannibal leave on his own. Since none of Will's usual personality traits that sent others packing seemed to be working, he

decided to push where he knew it would hurt: Hannibal's pride in his work.

The typewriter thing had been a whim of Will's; he liked the sound the keys made, and the idea of getting some poor bastard to type up gruellingly dull replies to letters amused him and catered to Will's not insignificant sadistic side. It also served to bring up glaring errors in spelling, as there was nothing electronic to automatically change the word when it was written in error.

Hannibal made few errors, but he did make some, and so one morning before his arrival, Will took to the latest typed letter with a bright red marker, crossing out and circling and underlining errors in punctuation, spelling - usually European versus American English - and structure. When he heard Hannibal arrive, he immediately buzzed his desk.

"To my office, please, Hannibal. Now."

The Boy came immediately. Of course he did. He stood before Will's desk with his perfect posture, hands folded before him. Like a good Boy.

"Could you tell me what this is?" Will asked, sliding the paper across the desk. Hannibal glanced at it, a frown furrowing his brow.

"It's the letter you dictated to Dr. Chilton on Tuesday."

"It is," Will agreed. He tapped at one of the red circles. "And what are *these* , Hannibal?"

The furrow deepened. "Mistakes, Sir."

"Mistakes," Will repeated, drawing the word out slowly. "Several. In this letter, and the last, and in every file you've typed for me since you came here."

"I'm… I'm sorry, Sir." He'd caught Hannibal off guard. The Boy didn't know what to do with Will when he was in full disciplinarian mode. Perhaps he'd never had anyone take such a tone with him, always perfecting everything he did even if it strained him at the seams. "I'll be more careful in the future."

"You will," Will agreed. "But this needs dealt with first. Come here."

Will stepped back, making a space for Hannibal. Hannibal joined him, taking the paper when Will handed it to him.

"Bend over the desk."

The Boy tensed immediately, and Will kept his eyes on him. This would be it, he supposed. The make or break moment of this entire endeavor. This would be the moment Hannibal decided this was too much, Will was too much, and he would leave. It would be better for the both of them if he did, Will knew that.

But he *didn't* . He *didn't leave* .

The Boy moved closer to the desk and *bent over it* , hands flat on the surface, and Will damn near moaned.

“Palms flat to the desk,” Will corrected him, “down to your elbows.”

The Boy obeyed.

“I want you to read the letter back to me,” Will told him next, moving to stand at Hannibal’s side, but just out of his periphery, “just as I’ve put you. When you’ve reached the end, read it again, until I tell you to stop. Do you understand?”

The Boy swallowed. “Yes, Sir.”

Will’s breath hitched and he had to close his eyes for a moment. When he managed to gather himself enough for his hands not to shake, he released a sigh through his nose.

“Read, Hannibal.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> *“Read it again.”*
>
> *Will’s words were quiet, he didn’t raise his voice; he didn’t have to. He watched the way the Boy shifted, incremental movements to settle his feet flat to the floor again, the way he lifted his chin just a little, just enough to suggest a better posture.*
>
> *This was bad. This was very, very bad.*

Chapter Notes

> We are so excited to share the next chapter! The lovely person who asked for the idea has allowed us to post it monthly now so you'll be getting chapters sooner!

Hannibal blinked down at the paper. Nervousness had flooded him, sharp and loud. There was a whisper of a thought, hopeful, *this is what you wanted.* It was drowned out by the anxious thud of Hannibal’s doubt. *Is it? Did you want this? Would he* ***really*** *give it to you?*

“Dear Doctor Chilton,” Hannibal began, “in regards to your last letter.” He could see the first red circle coming up already. Had he really mistyped in the very first *line* ? As the word grew closer, Hannibal’s mouth went dry, his palms slick with sweat. He would have stumbled over the word regardless of Will’s actions.

But Will’s actions ground Hannibal’s mind to a halt.

A sharp *smack* , Will’s palm right over the upturned curve of Hannibal’s ass. Hannibal’s voice stuttered and died.

This is what you wanted .

Why?

Hannibal glanced over his shoulder, hardly able to believe this was happening. Surely, he would wake any minute in sweaty sheets and sticky briefs, as he had a hundred times before.

There was no reassurance to be found in Will’s eyes, only a stern glare. Puzzlingly, Hannibal felt reassured *anyway* . Will was not the type to put up with nonsense or disobedience, and when he leaned forward to tap the paper again, tension left Hannibal in a rush.

“Read, Hannibal.”

The Boy licked his lips, and read.

“Dear Doctor Chilton,

In regards to your last letter, this office would like to remind you that any publication-” another smack, just as sharp, for the fact that Hannibal had added an extra ‘i’ into the word, “-discussing the mental state or capacity of one William H Graham, will not be authorized-” European spelling, another smack against Hannibal’s already tingling ass, “- by this office and his person and would thusly-” *thus,* Will told Hannibal as his hand came down harder against him, *never thusly* , “-be considered libel. Another attempt at such would see you sued for defamation. Kindest regards, W H Graham.”

Hannibal’s breath shivered from him but he stayed bent over as he’d been told. Hands flat on the desk around his letter, body poised with tension, eyes wide and bright and cheeks hot with humiliation and -

And

He was so hard in his pants it hurt to think about it.

“Read it again.”

Will’s words were quiet, he didn’t raise his voice; he didn’t have to. He watched the way the Boy shifted, incremental movements to settle his feet flat to the floor again, the way he lifted his chin just a little, just enough to suggest a better posture.

This was bad. This was very, very bad.

“Dear Doctor Chilton,” Hannibal began.

In the end, Will had the Boy read the letter five times over. With every recitation, he hit harder, and he hit more often, not just for his errors but because he *wanted to* , because there was such a rush that came with spanking a willing and beautiful ass presented to him.

By the time the Boy finished reading, Will was breathless, he could barely keep himself upright. This was bad, and it was perfect. The Boy was perfect. Will slapped his own palm down to his desk next to Hannibal’s and panted quietly against him. It had been a long time since he’d had someone so beautifully submissive to mold, a long time since someone had had the patience to break through his walls like a climbing vine through cement.

He watched as Hannibal’s hand twitched, just once, watched as he reached out with his little finger to rest it over one of Will’s.

Forgiveness, acceptance, *gratitude* for this.

It wounded Will, stabbed deep into his core. He pushed himself up, stepping back from the alluring curve of Hannibal’s body.

Hannibal stiffened and Will found his hand called back to him, resting over the base of his spine. Will cleared his throat.

He wasn't good at this. This was the part he always fucked up, the reason he didn't keep a Boy.

"Good job, Hannibal."

It sounded stiff and unpleasant to Will's own ears, but Hannibal melted beneath his touch. Will let him stay like that for a moment, watched the steady rise and fall of his back. Then he stepped away. Hannibal straightened and Will politely averted his eyes from the tent of his pants. His own situation was not much better, but he kept the chair between his body and Hannibal's.

Hannibal's cheeks had a lovely flush to them, his eyes were slightly glassy. He looked *very* well fucked, considering every bit of his three-piece suit was still in place.

"Coffee," Will said, his voice gentler than it had ever been. "And one for yourself."

Hannibal considered the words a moment, the man who had spoken them, and found that his lips slid comfortably into a smile. His entire posture relaxed from the tense poise he'd held it in for weeks, *months,* around others.

"Yes, Sir," he said, and moved to make it.

The next letter had no errors.

Hannibal was made to read it back to Will regardless, bent over his desk just so with Will behind him to supervise.

The next had none either.

But now, Hannibal found his time split between the typewriter at the front of Will's office, and in the office itself, behind a deliberately closed door.

He spent one afternoon on hands and knees in front of the couch, with Will's ankles crossed and heavy over his back as he read through his editor's latest notes. Hours and hours as a personal footstool, Will asking nothing of him except stillness and silence, patience and calm.

Hannibal lost track of everything by the time Will called his name again; he hadn't realized he'd been crying, but tears had slicked their way down his face to perch on his chin before dripping down to his shirt. Without a word, Will had gathered Hannibal against him, bringing him up to the couch he had not been allowed to share all day, and laying Hannibal out flat against it.

With Hannibal's head in his lap, Will gently massaged between his shoulders, down his tense and trembling arms, until Hannibal was like a ragdoll against him. Then he simply sat back,

turned the page he'd been reading to another, and dropped his free hand to Hannibal's hair to caress it as he continued reading.

Hannibal drifted like that for well over an hour, before sanity and sentience returned to him in slow drips. He wasn't sure if he should be mortified or relieved. Will gave him no answers, merely wiped his face with a handkerchief and then sent him home.

The next afternoon came with accessories. "Something to hold you while you work," Will had said, and the look in his eyes had been so beautifully promising that Hannibal would have agreed to anything.

Hannibal was 'held' by a strong metal bar, one that locked around his neck and spread over his shoulders to his wrists, straightening his arms out to the fullest extent. Will looked at him, running the pads of just two fingers over Hannibal's bicep. The muscles weren't straining yet, but Hannibal was sure they would be by the end of the day. He had an eight-hour shift ahead of him, and if his time as a footstool was any indication, Will would utilize every minute of it.

Will straightened, his smile almost vicious. It sent a shudder down Hannibal's spine. "Coffee," he said, settling in at his desk.

Hannibal blinked at him, looking from Will to the tips of his fingers, held aloft and immovable. "How will I-"

"You're a smart boy," Will said, without looking up. "I'm sure you'll figure something out."

Hannibal swallowed. "Yes, Sir."

He didn't think he imagined the sudden widening of Will's pupils, the sharp inhale.

Hannibal hesitated at the door only a moment before stepping through.

Will wasn't often bothered in his office, he more often received calls or deliveries rather than actual guests for meetings, and so the place stood empty. Regardless, Hannibal moved with a brisk pace to the small kitchenette where he was confronted yet again with the question of how he was supposed to make coffee when he was basically crucified to a bar.

He swallowed, and got started.

Movement, now, required Hannibal to tilt his entire body. He bent to turn on the kettle, bent to reach for the drawer where the teaspoons were kept. Carefully, he set about preparing a cup of coffee as he did for Will every morning, several times a day after. But this time he had no choice but to concentrate entirely on the task at hand. He couldn't do several things at once, like he often did, because to do so would require his arms to move independently of each other.

Out in the office, on Hannibal's desk, the fax hummed with a message.

By the time he reached Will's door, he had his coffee balanced in one hand, and the faxed pages carefully held between his teeth; he needed his free hand to open the door, because the

last thing he wanted to do was force Will to leave his seat to accommodate *him* when it was Hannibal's job to be accommodating.

He didn't knock, he bent his knees so he could reach the doorknob and carefully turned it, straightening properly to enter the office with the poise and grace Will Graham expected of him.

Will took the pages from Hannibal's mouth as the Boy set his coffee to his desk for him.

"Good boy," WIll said, taking up the cup to drink from as he skimmed the papers the Boy had brought for him. Even with his eyes averted, he noticed the way the Boy trembled at the words, how deeply they affected him.

Beautiful, dangerous creature.

"Fetch me the Nelson File."

And so it went, little tasks, all morning. One after the other, each requiring Hannibal maneuver in long, careful motions. For the last hour before lunch, Will merely had him stand there, still as a statue, his arms slowly going limp and held up only by the bar that dug into his aching shoulders.

Will stopped his work at noon, pushing back in his chair and holding Hannibal's gaze. He was sweating, slightly, his lower lip pulled between his teeth and white with the pressure. It must have been a difficult position to hold for so long, but he never asked Will for mercy.

"Bring me my lunch."

Hannibal was trembling when he returned with the paper bag, his eyes wet and hazy. He'd sunk hard and fast. He did every time, it was too much for Will to handle.

"Kneel."

Hannibal settled on his knees at Will's feet, as close to the desk as the bar would allow him to get.

"You're going to need a break, soon," Will told him. He whimpered, his eyes fluttering closed. Will suspected he would stay like this all day, if Will asked him to.

Will wouldn't, but he was tempted.

"Open your mouth."

The Boy did, obedient in this as in everything. Will thought that he would do it even if it was for punishment, to carry a peg against his tongue all day for misspeaking, perhaps. But this was not a punishment, it was reward, it was rest. The Boy had been exceptionally good for him.

Against Hannibal's tongue, Will placed a torn off piece of sandwich and waited for Hannibal to start chewing before taking one himself. The Boy watched Will from his position as

though he were a God, as though every motion he made with his hands was enlightenment. Perhaps it was, in a way; Will knew for a fact that the Boy had never experienced dominance quite like this before, and considering how deeply he sunk, and how quickly, such an experience was long overdue.

He fed Hannibal half of his meal before taking up a bottle of water. Two fingers held the Boy's chin steady as Will let him drink, and he caught a stray droplet of water against the pad of his thumb when he was finished.

Will reached for the keys to the bar holding the Boy prone only when they were both finished their lunch, and the sound the Boy made - almost protesting, almost displeased - when he was released was music to Will's ears.

"I have a meeting in an hour," Will reminded him. "And you have three letters to type up for me."

Three letters to type meant three letters to read that afternoon bent over Will's desk. Hannibal's breath caught in his throat. For a moment he didn't move, unsure what to do now that he had control of his limbs again. In the end, he merely leaned, pressing his forehead to Will's thigh with a sigh, and rested there a moment before pushing himself to stand.

"Yes, Sir," he said, taking up Will's empty coffee cup without prompting with trembling fingers. He swallowed. "Thank you, Sir,"

Every day, something different. Something that coiled hot and thick in Hannibal's belly, something that he would hold with him when he went home.

His arms ached that night, but Hannibal curled up in his bed, both hands between his thighs. He bit down on a pillow to muffle his whimpers as he fingered himself open, imagining Will's hands on his skin.

Every night, Hannibal touched himself to thoughts of his boss, to thoughts of being restrained, of being *used* . He dreamed of Will. He carried Will with him, everywhere.

And steadily, Will's control over him began to grow.

"Hannibal."

Will caught him by the door on his way out for the night. He straightened the lapels of Hannibal's jacket, standing close enough for Hannibal to feel the heat of his body.

"Call me tonight," Will murmured, brushing imaginary specks of dust from Hannibal's shoulders. "Tell me what you're having for dinner. And I'll tell you how much of it you can eat."

He looked up, a challenge in his eyes. This was further than they'd gone, this was taking the game outside of the office. Making it more than a game. Making it an everyday part of Hannibal's life.

"Yes, Sir," Hannibal breathed, overwhelmed by how much he wanted it.

Will allowed himself a moment to look at his Boy properly, the adoration in his eyes, the devotion there. It was intoxicating, it was addictive like a drug and Will felt dizzy with it. He reached out to stroke his knuckles down Hannibal's cheek, allowing him to turn into the touch and enjoy it before pulling away.

"Good boy," he said.

Food had always been somewhat of a sacred thing in his uncle's household. Hannibal had never been brought up to waste, and the thought of not eating what he was offered made his insides flip. And yet, the thought of disobeying Will made him feel all the sicker. He knew he'd made his choice the moment he'd left Will's office, even as it had eaten away at him all evening.

As dinner was served, he excused himself. In the corridor by the laundry, the farthest he could get from his family without climbing the stairs and causing more suspicion, he dialled Will's number and held his breath.

"Hello, Hannibal."

Hannibal's cheeks flooded with warmth. "Good evening, Sir."

Will's sigh was pleased. Hannibal knew it was pleased, he knew every sound Will had ever made around him, had catalogued them into his mind to retrieve when he needed or wanted to. He sighed back.

"Dinner," Hannibal swallowed, trying to wet his dry throat. "Dinner this evening is roast, with roasted potatoes, asparagus, and pumpkin, bread rolls on the side. Wine or water to drink. Dessert will be home made ice cream."

It sounded so paltry, so pathetic, and Hannibal felt himself gripped by panic as soon as he stopped speaking. Because no one actually *did* this, no one actually controlled what someone ate, and did so through the phone. No one actually took care of someone on such a base and intimate level. No one -

"Six bites of roast," Will said, and the panic in Hannibal eased even as his heart sped up. "Two of potatoes. One spear of asparagus. Half a bread roll. Wine. And as much ice cream as you'd like, after."

It was a ridiculous command, though at least Hannibal wouldn't go hungry. And his family would notice, would stare at him, would question.

But to be commanded by Will was akin to being held by him, and Hannibal could no sooner have denied him this than he could have gnawed off his own arm. He could not bear to do anything but exactly what Will told him.

"Can you remember that, Hannibal?"

"Yes, Sir," Hannibal whispered. His hands were sweating where he gripped the phone. Will hummed, a sound that flooded Hannibal with warmth.

“If you’re good, I’ll reward you.”

A sound broke free from Hannibal, a shaky little moan that should have humiliated him, but didn’t. Not when it was *Will* he was speaking to.

“I’ll be good, Sir,” Hannibal promised, his words barely voiced, so quiet he himself almost didn’t hear them. But Will did. Will did because they were meant to for him to hear.

“There’s my good boy,” he sighed, and dropped the call before Hannibal could gather his thoughts enough to reply.

My good boy.

Hannibal returned to dinner, taking his time to separate the pieces he was allowed to eat and looking at them on his plate. Somehow, the food tasted all the better for it. It was something Will had allowed him to eat, something Will had considered, knowing Hannibal and his appetite and his desire to please.

That night, Hannibal bit his whimpers into the meat of his arm as his free hand stroked himself to orgasm. He thought of Will’s voice, purring and low, thought of how it would feel to not only have him set boundaries for Hannibal’s meals but for everything Hannibal did. Telling him how he was allowed to touch himself, and when, reminding him that it was for *Will’s* pleasure that Hannibal would be allowed to come at all.

He came hard, making a mess of his bedclothes and shaking with adrenaline.

It took Hannibal a long time to get to sleep, but it was dreamless and restful when he did.

He arrived to work the next morning with one button deliberately done wrong, so he could feel Will’s eyes on it, his hands as he adjusted the mishap, his words and promises of punishment for such an oversight.

Will touched him constantly, to punish, to correct. To mold and shape Hannibal until he was perfect for him.

But for all the intimacy of their moments together, he never touched Hannibal sexually. Nor did he ask Hannibal to offer him any relief, though Hannibal could smell arousal on him nearly every moment.

Hannibal thought, at first, that it was something he would have to earn, that Will was withholding it as a reward to offer a perfectly behaved boy.

But Will’s rewards tended towards the material. He brought Hannibal chocolates, or allowed him to eat his lunch from Will’s fingertips. On a *very* good day, he would be allowed to lick the remnants from Will’s hand, and he put everything he had into the way he wrapped his tongue around Will’s fingers.

Will never asked for more than that, though he looked at Hannibal so hungrily.

Then, Hannibal began to wonder if he'd done something wrong, if Will was withholding sexual intimacy as punishment. What happened between them didn't have to be sexual to make Hannibal relax into it, but the idea that it *could* be haunted Hannibal's every thought. He didn't understand what he was doing wrong, why Will wouldn't want to take everything Hannibal had to offer.

Then, finally, Hannibal began to think Will didn't know it was his to take.

It was another afternoon of serving as Will's footstool as the man read through a few new cases Jack Crawford had left for him. Will had his reading glasses on, something he did more and more in Hannibal's presence, and something that made Hannibal feel weak at the knees. It was trust, heavy with meaning without any words being necessary at all.

When Will welcomed Hannibal up onto the couch again, to work free the knots tight in his shoulders and arms, Hannibal nuzzled against his lap with a helpless sigh. He didn't know how to ask for anything, it seemed imprudent when Will was always giving him exactly what he needed, even if Hannibal didn't yet know it. He didn't know how to ask, but perhaps he could offer.

As fingers settled in Hannibal's hair to soothe over his scalp, Hannibal turned his head and pressed a tentative kiss to the inside of Will's wrist, tasting the pulse beneath it, feeling it speed up at the unexpected touch.

Will's fingers stopped moving but he didn't pull his hand away, so Hannibal kissed a little more insistently.

When he glanced up, Will's eyes were hooded, his pupils blown. Emboldened, Hannibal moved his way up Will's arm, planting another kiss in the folds of shirt fabric at his elbow, then up, planting a hand on the couch beside Will's thigh to push himself up. He kissed Will's collarbone, and then pulled back.

Will's attention was entirely on Hannibal. Hannibal felt, for the first time, as though power had been given to him.

And he wanted to offer that power right back to Will.

Slowly, carefully, Hannibal leaned in, until he had to drop his gaze or go cross-eyed. "You can," he whispered, his lips brushing Will's with every word. "You can have everything you want. I'm giving it to you."

Will pushed forward, bridging that last millimeter of space.

His lips were chapped, his hands trembling where they grabbed Hannibal's arms. Hannibal didn't care. He opened his mouth for Will, offering up everything he had.

The sound Will made was soft, more felt than heard, and Hannibal's brows furrowed in pleasure. It was permission to answer the one he'd given, and Hannibal took it with both hands.

Carefully, he slipped one leg over Will's lap and straddled him, setting his hands on either side of Will's face as he kissed him again, feeling Will give back a little more; a little more pressure, desire, heat, *want* . And then the kisses were frantic, uncoordinated and messy. Will's fingers dug into Hannibal's arms before moving to grasp his hair instead, fisting it and holding tight, and finding that his Boy *moaned* at the feeling. Hannibal allowed himself to be guided here as he had allowed Will to guide everywhere. He turned his head when Will adjusted their positions, he pressed closer, chest to chest, when Will's free hand spread over Hannibal's lower back and pulled it into a lovely arch.

They broke for breath, and Hannibal reached, unthinking, for Will's glasses to move them out of the way.

Will let him. With nothing more than a stuttered breath and fluttering lashes, Will let that wall chip further and crumble away.

"Remarkable boy," he whispered, pressing their foreheads together before guiding Hannibal close again to slip their tongues together. Will held him like he never wanted to let Hannibal go. He held him like the most precious thing on earth, and surrendered, for once, to the overwhelming *need* within him to hold and be held, by this Boy - his Boy.

"Touch me," Hannibal gasped against his lips. "Please, Sir, I've been so good, all I want is for you to touch me."

Will grabbed his hips, at a loss for words. All he could do was pull Hannibal down against him, arch his back and rut up into the welcoming heat of his body.

They moved together, frantic, hands grasping at sweat-dampened shirts. Hannibal made a noise, something high and needy, and writhed against Will. Will came in his pants like a teenager, just from the sweetness of that sound.

After, Hannibal collapsed atop him, nuzzling into his throat like a cat. Sweet, trusting, obedient. He was the perfect Boy for Will, he was everything Will had ever wanted.

He deserved so much more than Will.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

But he isn't for you.

He isn't yours.

You don't deserve him.

Will Graham did not date.

He hadn't dated in years. He saw no reason to.

Dating implied a dedication, a connection that had to be maintained and fed, that had to be nurtured and kept safe. It required time and energy, it required trust and loyalty. It required effort.

Effort Will was more than happy to give. The rest, not so much.

Not since last time.

Nothing since last time.

Perhaps that was why he'd let himself crack so quickly, why he had fallen to the Boy's charms when he'd once been so good at completely ignoring them. Loneliness was killer, it spread like a virus and weakened the system and made way for… inappropriate decisions.

In retrospect, a kiss was perhaps the best thing of the worst that could have happened. But it had still happened, and Will would not let it happen again.

He'd let Hannibal catch his breath, as he'd caught his own. He'd allowed the gentle kisses that had followed. He'd stroked Hannibal's hair and nuzzled his cheek and breathed him in. He sent the Boy home early, telling Hannibal that he could enjoy the entirety of his dinner but no dessert that evening.

He left the office shortly after and drove back to Wolf Trap via the liquor store and drank himself into unconsciousness before dusk.

He woke with a pounding headache and a firm determination to do *better* . It wasn't the Boy's fault that Will was as damaged and deceptive as he was. If he couldn't protect himself, Will would have to protect him.

And he would have to do a better job of it than he had last time.

When Hannibal arrived at the office, his pleasure was *vivid* , palpable. It pained Will to see such excitement in him.

“Good morning, Sir.”

For the past few weeks, Hannibal had stood before Will’s desk and said those words, and then waited patiently for instructions. For the past few weeks, Will had started Hannibal off with some sort of challenge, whether it be bondage or a certain posture.

Today, Will looked resolutely down at his papers, so that he didn’t have to see the flicker of confused hurt in Hannibal’s eyes.

“Coffee, Hannibal, and then I need you to get to work on typing up copies of those files. You’ve been slacking, and I can’t have only one copy of pertinent information.”

Hannibal had been slacking because Will had not allowed him to do his job, the job Will was *paying* him for. Once again, it was Will’s fault. But Will could still fix this.

There was a hesitation, one that hadn't been present between them for weeks now, and Will felt it like a physical blow. He listened to Hannibal's breathing, waited for him to get himself together before lifting his eyes over the rims of his glasses.

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

The Boy swallowed, straightened his shoulders, shook his head.

"No, Sir. I'll get on that right away."

"At your desk, please." Will added. And that did draw a soft gasp from the Boy. He'd been encouraged to work in close proximity to Will for a while now. He hadn't been at his "proper" desk in a long time, only stopping over there to take a phone call.

Hannibal's "Yes, Sir," was softer, more resigned. Harder.

Good.

Will needed to get him to understand quickly. Like ripping off a bandaid. It was better for both of them that way.

Hannibal was a bright Boy. It was part of his appeal- intelligence far too great for work that took so very little thought. He was wasted in a menial, repetitive job.

But for all that intelligence, he didn’t immediately get the hint. This was Will’s fault. He’d let it go on too long.

When Hannibal first arrived and was greeted by a stony face and an avoidant gaze, he’d thought, perhaps, that Will was simply in a bad mood. Those days happened, though they’d been completely absent since he and Will had started… whatever this was.

Now, with lunch around the corner and no sign of a command or a chance to eat at Will's feet, Hannibal wondered if he was being punished.

He must have done something wrong. Something incredibly bad, if Will was choosing the silent treatment over a spanking. He couldn't think of what it *was* , though.

Maybe he should have had Will's coffee ready before he came to speak to him. Maybe he had forgotten to clean something up on his way out the door. Had he left dishes in the sink? Forgotten to empty the coffee pot?

He fixated on it all morning as he typed up the files Will had requested.

Two were no longer active investigations - Hannibal had had Will's feet crossed over his back as Will had told him how they'd closed the cases up - but he typed them up regardless.

He made no mistakes.

He checked thrice before returning to Will's office with the paperwork and a freshly brewed cup of coffee - preempting Will's desire for one.

However when he opened the door, Will was halfway into his jacket.

"Great. Leave them on the desk, I'll read them after lunch."

"Shall I bring you your lunch, Sir?"

"No, I'm eating out. An old friend is in town. It's been a while since we've had time to ourselves."

The Boy looked like Will had kicked him, but said nothing. Will watched his jaw work, the way his brows furrowed, how he fought to keep his hands from fidgeting before him.

"That sounds pleasant," Hannibal settled on finally.

"If I'm late, you can start on the refiling," Will said, and then he was gone.

Hannibal started on the refiling. He *finished* the refiling. He had just sat down to type up some files with a particularly irritated scowl when Will *finally* strode back in.

Will did not ever leave the office for lunch. He had never mentioned old friends. He had especially never mentioned old friends he could spend nearly *three hours* with.

"Shouldn't you be heading home soon?" Will asked. He didn't look at Hannibal when he asked it, and Hannibal found himself furious to be so ignored for so long. This was not a punishment. Something was *wrong* , and Hannibal could not handle the loss of Will's attention.

"It's only three," Hannibal said stiffly.

Will nodded absently. "Okay. Just. Keep yourself busy, I guess."

He disappeared into his office with a final-sounding *thud* . Hannibal scowled down at the typewriter.

He'd done everything perfectly and still nothing.

So perhaps it was time to do things *im* perfectly.

The next morning, Hannibal arrived impeccably dressed as normal, and made Will's coffee with milk.

He left before Will could call him on it, and waited. Surely this was the moment Will called him back into the office to berate him such a mistake. Surely this was the moment Will bent him over the desk and thrashed Hannibal's ass for not being good enough. Surely.

But Will didn't call him back. He didn't even ask Hannibal to remake the coffee. He remained in his office and only called for Hannibal when he needed another file typed up.

By lunch, Hannibal's hands were trembling. He was making endless typos in the work he was transcribing and he had a headache. He hadn't slept well the night before, panic and anger fighting each other all night as he'd made his plans for the day. He felt unmoored again, like he was walking on a trembling earth.

He hadn't felt this way in years, not since Mischa.

Will had made him feel grounded, and now he'd gone and slipped the rug out from under him.

Hannibal did not correct his mistyped mistakes. He folded the letter he'd worked up for Will to Dr. Chilton imperfectly and left the envelope unsealed as he tossed it - *tossed* - to Will's desk.

And Will said nothing.

Will did not ask Hannibal to heat his lunch up for him, but it hardly mattered. Hannibal mixed up three separate files he was asked to deliver, spreading papers from each among the folders. When he set Will's coffee down amongst them, he allowed it to splatter.

Will did nothing.

Will was losing his mind.

He knew when he was being pushed. He knew when a sub was acting out with the determination to be punished. And his hand was *itching* for the firm globes of Hannibal's ass.

Will survived the first day, but the next day Hannibal came in in a foul mood, he could barely stand it. This time, his coffee was cold, with grounds floating in it.

Were he Will's Boy, he would never have been allowed to grow so spoiled and out of hand so quickly. Hannibal did not thrive with freedom, he thrived on rules and schedule, he thrived on being told yes and no, on being made to adhere to someone else's desires and needs.

His own desires and needs were met by serving.

Will understood that. Just as he understood how dangerous it was to allow someone of Hannibal's intellect and persuasion to run amok this way; he could do himself irreparable harm. A desperate submissive was prone to dangerous impulsivity.

Will understood that.

He would see the systematic breakdown begin, and he did nothing.

Because he'd already done enough in allowing Hannibal to believe that he was his Boy, that he was made for Will, that he was meant for no one else, and to serve no one else.

He deserved better. He would see that, in time, and would resent Will for it, and Will could live with that. He would have to. Because he wouldn't - he *couldn't* - let what happened last time happen again. Not to Hannibal. Not because of Will.

It might kill him.

He drank the cold coffee.

He weathered the forwarded calls that Hannibal had gotten so good at screening.

He resisted with everything he had to not adjust Hannibal's tie when it sat deliberately crooked.

And through it all, Hannibal grew increasingly desperate. Will knew he was doing what was best for him, but it ached to turn him away without so much as a stern lecture. Just a little bit more. Soon, Hannibal would realize that there was no changing Will's mind.

Or, apparently, he would lose his own.

Will blinked down at the letter Hannibal had prepared for him, without an envelope, folded haphazardly, filled with typos. Those things were all misbehavior enough, but *this* .

Centered in the letter, helpfully circled in red *for* Will, was a wet, still writhing worm. Hannibal had delivered the 'gift' and then immediately vanished from the room, but Will knew he hadn't gone far.

This was beyond misbehavior. This was *flagrant* disrespect, the sort Will had *never* allowed from a Boy. Not even when he'd done this regularly, when he brought Boys home multiple times a week. Certainly not with his last long-term partner.

Will stood from his desk, his hands trembling, and firmly depressed the button on the intercom. "Hannibal!"

The speaker crackled immediately. "Yes, Sir?"

"My office. Immediately."

“Jack Crawford is here for you,” came the almost lazy reply. “Should I ask him to wait?”

Will damn near had an aneurysm. “Yes. Ask him to wait. And *you* , Hannibal, to my office, *right now.”*

“Of course, Sir.”

He listened to Hannibal’s heels clicking down the short hall, heard the moment the door handle turned, and looked up as Hannibal was closing the door again, looking for all the world like the most innocent Boy on earth.

Will wanted to flay him alive. He wanted to beat him until Hannibal was quaking with tears, until he couldn’t draw breath without whimpering, so that Will could gather him close, squeeze his fingers against Hannibal’s cheeks and remind him that he was *Will’s Boy* and that he should behave as such.

Instead, Will set two fingers to the paper and swung it about to face Hannibal’s side of the desk.

“What is this?”

Hannibal took the two steps necessary to reach Will’s desk and tilted his head. “A worm, Sir.”

“A worm.” Will confirmed, voice shaking with rage, yet still so very quiet. “A live, *filthy* worm, wrapped inside a *mistyped* and improperly folded letter to a *colleague,* Hannibal.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Hannibal’s face was cool and blank. He looked entirely unruffled, but Will knew how to spot a tremor of anticipation in any Boy.

“What do you have to say for yourself?”

Hannibal blinked slowly, looking from Will to the worm. “It was an accident.”

“An *accident* .”

“Yes, Sir.” And there, at the corner of Hannibal’s lips, was the barest hint of a smile. He knew he’d gotten to Will, he knew he was about to get what he wanted, and Will was so very displeased with him.

“Bend over the desk,” Will said, turning away from Hannibal. He had to get a lid on the anger before he struck out. He couldn’t hit Hannibal if he was still shaking with rage.

Behind him, he heard Hannibal drop the paper into the bin so he had space to lean. “Hannibal,” Will called, listening for the sudden stillness, “I want your pants and underwear around your knees.”

“Sir?”

“I *said* ,” Will turned back, setting his hands to the desk and leaning over it, close enough that were Hannibal braver, he could lean in and press their lips together again, and were *Will* braver, he would let him. “Pants and underwear down. *Now.”*

Hannibal’s breath left him in a rush, cheeks paling and then instantly flooding with warmth. His eyes widened, he looked between Will’s own quickly, trying to read him, trying to find that grounding he so often found with Will Graham.

So Will turned away, before he could.

He listened as Hannibal obeyed, listened to the soft hush of fabric as Hannibal slid his pants down, then his underwear; obedient despite the irrational command, despite everything. Will had to press his teeth hard against a knuckle to avoid making a sound, to avoid telling Hannibal to forget this whole thing and clothe himself again.

No.

Disrespect Will would not abide, not from anyone. Especially not from someone with such promise, such potential, as Hannibal.

Will made sure there was no one near the windows - there rarely was, his office was deliberately as far from anyone else as possible - and glanced towards the door, and only then made his way around the desk with slow steps to position himself behind Hannibal.

“What you’ve been doing,” he said softly, “with your disobedience, with your messy appearance, your sulking, your flagrant lack of attention to detail, Hannibal, is not something I stand for. I expect better of you.”

He watched the Boy tremble, the way the words affected him, the way he held himself stoic because at least Will was giving him *something.* It hurt him. It put a weight on his chest that made it hard to take a breath and Will had to close his eyes before continuing.

“I expect better, because I know you are better. You have a lot to be punished for, Hannibal, and you will take what you’ve earned.”

“Yes, Sir,” Hannibal breathed. He sounded so painfully hopeful, though Will was sure some of that spark would leave him by the end of this moment together.

Hannibal had braced himself on his elbows, the exact position he’d been made to take several times before, but now, Will knew he needed a firmer hand. He braced his hand on the back of Hannibal’s neck, guiding him lower until his chest pressed to the desk.

“Be still,” Will warned, and watched a shiver roll down Hannibal’s spine.

Will rucked Hannibal’s shirt up, exposing the soft skin of his ass. Will hadn’t seen him like this before, and it was hard not to just stop and stare at him for a long moment.

“My hand, to start,” Will murmured, rubbing a slow circle over Hannibal’s ass.

“To start?” Hannibal whispered, sounding hesitant for the first time.

“We’ve discussed your word before, haven’t we, Hannibal?”

Hannibal swallowed, his face red, his cheek pressed to the desk. “My safeword is Underwood, Sir.” It was the brand name of the typewriter he used as Will’s secretary. Will had snickered when he’d chosen it.

Now he just hummed before drawing his hand back and bringing it down over Hannibal’s skin *hard.*

Their previous games had left bruises on occasion. Will knew how to pull his blows, how to hit precisely where Hannibal would feel it the next day without making it impossible for him to go about his daily life outside of his work for Will. Will knew how much Hannibal could take before his breath started to hitch, before his body was tensing in pain rather than anticipatory pleasure.

He knew.

He knew because he had spent nights thinking about it, his hand between his legs as he stroked himself off to the thought of making Hannibal *beg* for a spanking, making him *ask permission* to bend over the table so Will could punish him. He knew because there were few things that drove Will as mad as punishing a beautiful Boy and having him look up at Will as though Will were the sun.

Within five smacks, Hannibal’s skin was growing red. Within ten, the palm of Will’s hand was tingling with the beginnings of numbness. He was angry. He was *livid* . This punishment was as much for himself as for the Boy bent over and taking it so beautifully.

“I expect better from you,” Will said, punctuating the sentence with another firm swat. Hannibal had always taken his punishments in respectful silence, but now a soft sound left him, pained and small.

“You’re too good for deliberate misbehavior,” Will continued. “And I don’t allow that in my office, do I, Hannibal?”

Hannibal squeaked at the next blow, and his voice was watery when he answered. “No, Sir.”

“I expect perfection from you, and you have always been able to deliver.” Will brought Hannibal up to fifteen, sweat blossoming on his brow from the effort he put into every blow.

“I’m s-sorry,” Hannibal gasped out. Will had given him more, before, but never bare. Never with his disapproval hanging heavily over Hannibal’s shoulders.

Will undid the buckle of his belt. Hannibal’s entire body tensed at the sound. “Just two,” Will told him, “because it’s your first time. But I expect you to take them well.”

Hannibal made a helpless little sound and curled in on himself on the desk, turning his face into his hand to bite down against any sounds that would escape him and travel down the corridor to where Jack Crawford waited.

The first lash stung.

The second burned.

The Boy against the desk was shaking, intermittent bouts of painful tremors that made Will taste guilt like bile at the back of his throat. This was good for Hannibal, to be reminded of what was expected of him, to be returned to his poise and perfection, to be allowed to be the perfect Boy for Will.

But he isn't for you.

He isn't yours.

You don't deserve him.

Will's hands fumbled with his pants before he could stop himself. One hand landed heavy at the base of Hannibal's back, holding him still, as the other started to jerk himself off. Images of obedience behind closed eyes; of Hannibal kneeling at his side to eat lunch together, of Hannibal on all fours for Will to rest his feet on, of Hannibal stripping for Will, climbing into bed, spreading his legs, welcoming him in -

Will came with a gasp and a grunt, come landing hot and thick over the Boy's bruised backside, making a mess of him. Will was panting, he could barely catch his breath. He was dizzy. He wanted at once to gather Hannibal to him and send him on his way, and slip to his knees and beg for forgiveness, for letting it get this far, for letting it get this bad…

"Let that be a reminder," Will murmured, pushing himself up and putting himself away. "That you can do better. Get dressed. Tell Jack to come in."

Hannibal reached back, his hand hesitating before it reached the mess. In the end, he pulled his pants and underwear up over it, sealing Will's release against his skin.

Will could barely breathe.

Hannibal straightened. He should have looked hurt, dismissed, but his eyes were bright when he looked to Will. He looked so *relieved* to have been properly disciplined. Will bit his tongue.

When Hannibal returned to the waiting area, Jack Crawford did not appear to have heard anything. He looked irritated at having been made to wait, but not embarrassed as if he knew *why* . Hannibal tried to keep his face impassive as he gestured down the hall. "Mr. Graham will see you now, sir."

Jack spared him little more than a nod, already heading for Will. The second the door slammed shut, leaving Hannibal alone in the waiting room, Hannibal bolted for the bathroom. He sealed himself in a stall, fumbling with his belt.

Will had been so *wonderful* . Hannibal burned with the force of his attention, his skin tingling everywhere, not just where he'd been struck. Hannibal slid a hand into his slacks, wrapping his dry palm around his straining erection.

His head was full of Will, full of *Just three bites* , and *walk home through the park.* He could hear Will perfectly.

He could hear Will telling him he was a *good boy* that Hannibal had *done well* . Could feel Will's fingers in his hair as he stroked it after allowing Hannibal onto the couch with him. Every emotion, sensation, memory, flooded Hannibal's senses and he came, hard, pressed back against the stall wall.

He took his time cleaning himself up. It pained him to clean up his back, wiping away the mess Will had left on him, but he knew it would seep through the fabric of his clothes and cause more problems later. Besides, now that it had happened once, surely it would happen again. And then Hannibal would be ready to receive it as a gift rather than a punishment, on his knees instead of bent over unable to see how Will's face looked in pleasure.

Hannibal returned to his desk and sat down with a wince. He could hear Jack and Will talking through the closed office door. When he set his hands to the typewriter keys, they were steady as a surgeon's.

He felt whole for the first time in days.

Moments later, Jack Crawford left Will's office, and Hannibal let his eyes slip to the intercom on his desk, just waiting.

In his office, Will paced. Jack had given him a much-needed excuse to pretend to be not himself, with the new case not going nearly as well as it should have been this far into the investigation. Will could easily call Hannibal in and tell him to leave, explaining that the day was stressful and Hannibal's help was not needed for the rest of it.

He could.

He *should.*

But he couldn't lie to a Boy, he'd never been able to.

His honesty was what had fucked up the last Boy so terribly; Will's gentle suggestions he seek counselling, slightly sterner demands that he eat properly, take care of himself, come to Will if he needed anything at all. His inability to lie and tell his Boy he was doing well when he was doing poorly. That rejection, that *honesty* , had led the Boy to hurt himself, to end up in hospital. Will had done that. Because he hadn't lied and caressed him when he needed it, because he pushed so hard for him to get help, when perhaps Will was all he needed, because he hadn't been able to let go of the nurturing aspect of his role. And he should have.

If he had, then maybe…

Maybe.

"Hannibal," Will called through the half open door, he took his glasses off and rubbed his eyes with a sigh. "Come into my office, please."

Hannibal's expression, when he let himself in, was beatific. He had never looked so pleased before. Will sighed, shuttering himself off.

Subtlety had not worked. Hannibal had not taken the hint, and Will, in the end, did not have the self-control to resist him. Will reached into the desk and pulled out a piece of paper he'd prepared weeks ago, but lost the nerve to use. He added his signature to the bottom and then handed it over.

Hannibal's brows furrowed, and as he skimmed the page, his face drew deeper and deeper into a frown. "Sir," he whispered, "what is this?"

"It's a reference." Will said, his eyes on his desk. "You should have no trouble finding another job, your skills are-"

"I don't want it," Hannibal said, pushing the paper back across the desk to Will.

"Your skills are impeccable," Will continued, as if he hadn't spoken. "And I've added my number, your next employer can call if they have any questions."

"Don't," Hannibal said, his voice cracking. "Why are you doing this?"

"I'll have your final paycheck mailed to you, I-"

Hannibal's hand slammed against the desk. "At least *look at me* while you're ruining us."

Will did. He looked up and met Hannibal's eyes and held his breath and waited. He waited for the Boy to grow angry enough to storm out, to start to comprehend just how cruel Will had been to him, without reason.

But he didn't.

Hannibal's anger was not a wedge between them but a shield. With Will's eyes on him, he seemed to gain strength of conviction.

"I'm not leaving." He said. Will sighed.

"You are overqualified. This is dull work."

"I don't mind dull work."

Will's voice caught a moment and he had to clear his throat. "You'll be bored."

"I want to be bored," Hannibal whispered. His brows were drawn, eyes wide and body tense, just as he had been the first time they'd had this conversation. " *Please* ."

Will drew in a long, deep breath and released it. "Your position here is redundant. I don't require the services you provide and it's a waste of time and effort for the both of us to pretend as though I do."

"Shut up."

Will's eyes flashed anger as he looked at Hannibal again. The Boy's lips were pursed so tightly they were pale, his hands were fisted at his sides in his anguish and anger.

"Don't send me away," Hannibal continued, "don't. Not when you let me see you, *know* you -"

"Your unemployment is effective immediately," Will told him quietly. "I want you to pack up your things and go."

"Don't *fight this,* Will! Why are you doing this?"

"If you don't make your own way off the premises, I'll have to resort to calling security," Will added softly. And that seemed to snap something in the Boy, enough that he took the steps needed to not have the desk between them, enough that Hannibal drew back his hand and slapped Will hard across the face.

For a moment, silence. Silence so loud it echoed between them. Then Will's tongue peeked from between his lips as he wet them and he turned away.

"Go home, Hannibal."

"You're a coward," Hannibal told him. "I don't know *why* you're scared, but you are. And instead of letting me help you, you're throwing *everything* away."

Will picked up the phone from his desk, his finger hovering over the button that would automatically dial the building's security office. He looked at Hannibal, one eyebrow raised. His hand was slick with sweat on the plastic.

Hannibal's lips pulled into a thin line. His eyes were wet, and Will could not tell how much was anger and how much was devastation.

Will had done this to keep from breaking Hannibal. But as Hannibal spun on his heel and stormed down the hall, Will realized he already had.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> *“You don’t know me.”*
>
> *“I want to,” Hannibal insisted. “And what I do know of you, I love. I want you. I want to be yours, alone. I want this.”*

Chapter Notes

> Soft warning for BAD BDSM ETIQUETTE, WILL, GOOD LORD. But we promise he comes around. Also soft warning for desperation wetting and slight humiliation.

Within the week, Will Graham had a new secretary, a young frumpy man who seemed overjoyed at being allowed to work in such proximity to an esteemed consultant.

Will couldn't even remember the kid's name.

Within the week, he was drowning in tedium, barely able to concentrate on sending a goddamn email because his thoughts kept returning to the Boy who'd stood so close to him, struck him, called Will out on his own cowardice.

At night, Will drank and jerked off to thoughts of Hannibal in bed with him. Sometimes he woke in a cold sweat, reaching out for a Boy that *wasn't* in bed with him, that never had been because Will hadn't ever let him that close.

In the mornings, Will burnt his tongue on the coffee the new secretary made him.

He absolutely did *not* look out for Hannibal when he left the office. Will could feel the Boy's gaze on him once in a while, as he ran errands in town or stopped off at the university for something. He let himself bask in the warmth of it, but never return it.

It had to be a clean break.

Hannibal felt like he was losing his mind.

He felt adrift without his daily routine, without leaving the house for work every day. His Uncle had made a passing sound of disapproval when he’d found out and then made pointed comments about grad school. Hannibal had half-heartedly filled out one application and then taken to leaving the house during the day, just to avoid the stares.

Sometimes, he parked himself across the street from the office. He told himself he was not there to watch, he was not going to become some sort of creep who stalked their ex-- was Will his ex?-- he was just trying to get up the nerve to go in. There was so much he still wanted to say to Will, so much anger and hurt.

He went more days than he didn't, sitting in his car, numbly trying to remember how to breathe.

The key to getting over someone, the internet told him, *is getting **under** someone else.*

The idea of someone else, someone who *wasn't Will* , putting their hands on him made Hannibal nauseous, but it was a thought. Maybe what he missed wasn't Will. Maybe it was the ropes around his body, the orders, the firm hand. Maybe he just needed a good spanking, and everything would be okay.

Hannibal went to a club. This was, overall, a terrible idea, as he'd never been to one before, but he went.

He went and he met a boy, a young man his age studying comparative literature. They danced together, too-close and sweaty, hands wandering and mouths messy with uncoordinated kisses. Anthony had a British accent. He had a crooked smile and hair that fell over his eyes. He was shrewd and sarcastic, he knew how to laugh at himself.

Hannibal blew him in a dark corner of the club and kissed the taste of himself from his lips after.

They exchanged numbers.

Hannibal supposed he had a boyfriend now.

But Anthony was *nice,* he was caring and funny, he wrote Hannibal stupid limmericks and sent them throughout the day to make him laugh, and Hannibal *hated it.* He needed someone with a firm hand, someone who could tell him what to do and put him in his place.

They went on a date. They went on another.

Both times Anthony was *happy to go with what you want,* for the venue, the wine, the goddamn dessert. Both times they ended up in bed but didn't fuck, Hannibal too wired and Anthony too concerned for his restlessness to do anything about it.

"I don't want to take advantage of you," he said once, and Hannibal figured that was the problem. He didn't see it as being taken advantage of. He needed *guidance* .

Anthony kept wanting Hannibal to take the lead, though. He wanted Hannibal to come to him, *Hannibal* to decide when they were going to go further.

And the worst part was, Hannibal didn't really *want* to go further.

Anthony was beautiful, there was no doubt about that, but he was *wrong* . All of him, every inch. But Hannibal kept trying.

In Anthony's bed, straddling him, Hannibal grabbed Anthony's hand and dragged it to cup his backside through his jeans. Anthony grinned and gave it a little squeeze.

"You're beautiful," he told Hannibal, and it was *nice* but it wasn't enough.

"Thank you," Hannibal murmured. "You should spank me."

He hadn't been entirely sure he could say it out loud, until he had. Anthony stared up at him, nose scrunched up in unfairly adorable confusion.

"You like a little rough with your tumble, huh sweetheart?" He asked, but he had a furrow to his brow that Hannibal didn't like. "Can't say it's my thing, really, but if you like it that much I can give it a go."

"Great." Hannibal kissed him chastely and shifted to drape himself over Anthony's lap with a huff. He arched his back, wriggled his ass and waited. Anthony made a confused little noise above him but didn't push Hannibal away. He was so accommodating. *Too* accommodating. Hannibal knew he should feel bad taking advantage of that, but he couldn't. He was too desperate to feel something again.

When Anthony's hand came down against him, the angle was awkward and the strike was too soft. Anthony laughed, admitting his own lack of experience, joking about how he'd be a pro in no time with such a gorgeous partner to practice on. Hannibal didn't care. He didn't *care.* He just wanted a strike to land and to *hurt.*

But they didn't, none of them did. And when they did, when Hannibal lost his patience and told Anthony outright to hit him *harder* it hurt too much, and wasn't the same as when Will did it.

Nothing was the same.

Anthony looked so guilty when Hannibal dropped himself into bed next to him after, cheeks burning with his own humiliation. He knew he should reassure him, tell him that it was fine, that it wasn't a problem, that nothing was the matter, but that was a lie.

"I can get some practice in?" Anthony offered. He didn't sound enthused. Hannibal buried his face in a pillow.

"Don't," he mumbled. "It was stupid of me."

"Hey." A hesitant hand landed on the nape of his neck, fingers rubbing gently against his scalp. "It's not stupid if it's important to you."

Hannibal didn't have a response for that. He kept silent, hiding his humiliation in the pillow. After a few minutes, Anthony spoke up again.

"Is this about the guy?"

Hannibal shoved up onto his elbows, staring at Anthony in wide-eyed horror. "What guy?" He hadn't mentioned Will. He had gone to great lengths *not* to mention Will.

Anthony shrugged, averting his eyes. “You’re so cautious, so skittish. I figured there had to be a guy, somewhere in that past you don’t talk about.”

Hannibal swallowed and turned into the pillow again. When Anthony drew a hand through Hannibal’s hair a moment later, he let him. Neither said anything for a while, then Anthony settled more comfortably into bed and pulled his phone out to scroll through as he lay next to Hannibal.

“Everyone has a guy,” Anthony mumbled softly.

Everyone has a guy.

Someone they can’t stop thinking about, someone who came into their life and changed it, someone who means the entire world, who *is* the entire world.

Hannibal broke up with Anthony the next evening, guilt finally choking him when it hadn’t all those times before when all he did was lean in to kiss Hannibal’s forehead with a smile.

“You’re too handsome for me,” Anthony told him with a wink. “We’d be fighting over your suits and nothing would get done.”

But even alone again, nothing did get done. Hannibal couldn’t concentrate. He didn’t even try to look for another job. He hadn’t cashed his last pay check, he kept it in his wallet as a morbid reminder of… something. He didn’t even know why he had it anymore. He could use the money. But it was the last thing Will had addressed to him, the last thing he had signed with his name as he thought of Hannibal…

There was no escaping Will. No forgetting him. No putting him in the past.

Hannibal loved him. With everything he was, Hannibal loved him. It was impossible to pretend he didn’t.

And Will…

Hannibal couldn’t say for sure that Will loved him, but he knew there was something there. He could recognize affection, intimacy.

Whatever Will said, Hannibal knew Will wanted him. He couldn’t hide that, couldn’t shove it aside like garbage. Hannibal didn’t know why Will cut him out, but it was…. It was…

It was *stupid* . And Hannibal wasn’t going to take it anymore.

Hannibal dressed to the nines. He pulled one of his three-piece-suits and a tie, slicked his hair back, and made sure he looked absolutely perfect.

He wanted Will to know what he was missing. He wanted Will to feel *bad.* And then he wanted Will to apologize.

God, even without an apology, Hannibal thought he’d drop to his knees in a heartbeat if Will asked him to.

He went to Will's office in the late afternoon, when it was less likely that someone would be there for a meeting, when it was possible that Will had sent home Hannibal's *replacement.*

He found the office empty, and strode to Will's door before he could change his mind.

Hannibal had been tempted not to knock, but couldn't bring himself to be quite so disrespectful. So he knocked, twice, and waited for Will to open the door himself.

"Hello, Will."

The man blinked at him, eyes wide in surprise behind his glasses, and stepped back. "Hannibal."

"I have something to say to you."

Will swallowed and glanced over Hannibal's shoulder, knowing full well there was no one there.

"Now isn't the best time -"

"I love you."

Will's eyes flicked to Hannibal so quickly, so sharply, and for a moment there was something there akin to panic, akin to hope. Then his gaze turned steely.

"Excuse me?"

"I love you," Hannibal repeated. "And I think that if you don't feel the same for me, you feel *something.* And something is worth nurturing into a worthwhile life together."

"Hannibal," Will said. His voice shook. Just slightly, but Hannibal knew every inch of him. He could hear it. "You were fired. If I have to call the police--"

"You won't," Hannibal said, with complete certainty.

"...Is that a threat?" Will asked.

"You won't," Hannibal said again, "Because you don't *want* to. Because you feel something, even if you don't want to admit it."

"Hannibal," Will said sharply. He stopped there, hesitant. Reluctant.

Vulnerable.

"I'm yours," Hannibal told him. "Everything I am belongs to you. I give it freely."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Will snapped.

"I do," Hannibal insisted. "I don't know what you're afraid of. I wish you would tell me, but it won't change anything if you don't. I'll love you regardless."

“You don’t know me.”

“I want to,” Hannibal insisted. “And what I do know of you, I love. I want you. I want to be yours, alone. I want this.”

“You’re a stupid boy,” Will hissed, but his conviction was failing. There was no actual anger directed at Hannibal; fear was taking over, worry was filling his words with a softness that made Hannibal weak. “What do you expect me to tell you?”

“I don’t know,” Hannibal admitted. “But I’m not going anywhere, Will. Not again.”

Will scoffed, drawing a hand over his face before glaring at Hannibal again. The Boy, stupid, wilful, *beautiful,* was here, he was *here* and Will wondered if he was about to wake up again, alone in his bed, aching and pining and sad.

“What do you think I can give you?” Will tried again. “I’m not *kind,* Hannibal. I won’t coddle you. I will exhaust you.”

“Good,” Hannibal didn’t look away. “I don’t need to be coddled.”

“What do you think you need?”

“I don’t know,” Hannibal licked his lips, tucking his chin just a little. “But you do. And I want you to tell me. Because *you* want to tell me. Like before. Because it felt like freedom, it felt right, it felt -”

Will reached out to grip Hannibal’s lapels hard, enough to wrinkle the fabric, enough to pull them so close they were sharing air, so close they could kiss. Hannibal parted his lips.

“Go to the desk,” Will breathed, letting Hannibal go with a shove. “Sit.”

Hannibal went. He sat. He moved without any hesitation, without so much as a second glance. Will watched him, his firm figure, the way he sat with perfect posture. Will reached for his hand.

Hannibal was completely still as Will moved each of his hands in turn to the desk, pressing his palms to the wooden surface.

Will looked at him, blue eyes meeting brown, a moment shared between them. Hannibal thought, again, that Will might kiss him.

“Stay,” Will whispered. “Don’t move, until I tell you to.”

And then he left. He walked out the door, and when Hannibal strained to listen, he heard the main door shut as well.

Alone, in the office. There was no one to see if Hannibal behaved or not.

But he *wanted* to behave. He would prove to Will that he was a good boy, that he was the *best* boy. He would make Will want him.

He sat back, careful to keep his hands on the desk where Will had put them, and made himself more comfortable. If Will wanted to test his patience, he would be patient. He would wait until Will told him to move, he would smile and obey, he would prove to him that he was worth Will's time and effort and love.

Hours passed.

Outside, it started to grow dark, and Hannibal chewed his lip absently wondering if his family would try looking for him here or assume he was out with his boyfriend. He had few friends to ask about his whereabouts. He realized that if his uncle didn't care to look for him, no one else but Will would actually know that Hannibal wasn't home.

The thought was oddly freeing.

Hours more, and Hannibal watched the clock on Will's wall tick to midnight and over. The office had the lights on, but the rest of the world was in darkness around him. He felt like he was an island, the only safe haven. A lighthouse for Will to return to when he needed to feel wanted, and adored, and taken care of.

Will did not return in the morning. Hannibal shifted around in his seat, uncomfortable in this position but refusing to disobey. He desperately needed to go to the bathroom. He was hungry. He was cold. He flexed his fingers against the desk and sighed out.

Outside the window, Will watched. He watched the Boy's shoulders curve in exhaustion, he watched the way Hannibal trembled, how his legs shifted beneath the desk. He watched the way Hannibal *did not move.* Because Will hadn't told him he could.

This was ridiculous. This was unhealthy. Will shouldn't have been allowing it.

But there was nothing binding Hannibal in place. Nothing holding him to the desk. He could have left any moment he wanted to, and yet he chose to be still. To be obedient.

Will pulled his phone from his pocket with shaking hands and dialed. The phone on the desk began to ring.

Hannibal stared at the phone through exhausted, heavy-lidded eyes. His fingers twitched against the desk.

He had been told to stay and wait. He had been told to do something, and he wanted to be good.

But it was his job to answer the phone. Even if Will had 'fired' him, Hannibal knew how Will felt about answering the phone.

After a few more rings, Hannibal leaned forward, nudging the phone free of the cradle with his nose and chin. "This is Will Graham's office," he panted, exhausted from his struggle with the plastic. "Mr. Graham is out at the moment, may I take a message?"

Will hung up, breath caught in his throat, and pressed the phone to his lips.

Good boy.

What a good Boy.

Will dialled Hannibal's home number next.

Within the hour, his uncle and who Will assumed was Hannibal's cousin, were pulling up across the road from the office and marching in. Will sidestepped to be out of direct line of sight, but stayed near enough to hear what was going on inside.

An argument had been expected, but Will had not thought that Hannibal's home life was as unpleasant as this. His uncle berated him, reminded Hannibal of his obligations to his family, to his *name* . He told the Boy to get up, to get home, to study. He told Hannibal he would be cut out of the will, that he would be homeless if he didn't immediately return home.

The Boy didn't move.

He weathered the insults and the shouting, he kept his voice calm as he replied. The only time he snarled, like a trapped animal, was when his uncle attempted to yank Hannibal by the arm out of his seat.

"Don't touch me," Hannibal snapped. "You have *no right* to touch me."

"Get up!"

"No!"

"Get up or so help me -"

"You've made your position clear," Hannibal replied. "Once I have permission to move, I will return home and collect my things. Until then, I would ask you to leave. You have no business here."

"Permission," Hannibal's uncle spat. "As if you're some object to be *owned.* You are a *Lecter,* Hannibal, and--"

"I denounce it," Hannibal said coldly. "I disown you, I want nothing to do with you. I'll change my name."

"Your inheritance--"

"I don't need it." He didn't need anyone but Will.

His aunt and uncle left, his uncle muttering under his breath the whole time. No doubt, Hannibal would find the entire contents of his room tossed out onto their porch come morning.

It didn't matter. He didn't need it.

Chiyoh lingered, after his aunt and uncle left. She hovered in the doorway, her dark eyes narrowed as she watched him.

“What?” Hannibal growled.

“Are you happy?”

She was the first person to ask. Even Will hadn’t bothered, too convinced that Hannibal couldn’t possibly be so.

“Yes,” Hannibal said earnestly. “Chiyoh, I’m the happiest I’ve been since I was a child. I’m the happiest I’ll ever be.”

She stood there a moment longer, before looking over her shoulder and returning to the office to stand next to where Hannibal sat.

"You can do it," she told him softly, leaning in to embrace him, thin arms reassuring and warm. "Whatever you need to do, you can do it."

Chiyoh so rarely spoke that words alone were a gift. But her kindness, her earnestness, made Hannibal's breath hitch. He almost lifted his hands to hug her back. Almost.

"I can," he said. "I will."

"I'll make sure they don't throw out your art supplies," she promised, then rushed from the office following her mom and stepdad . Hannibal tilted his head back, eyes to the ceiling so that any tears he couldn't stop dripped into his ears rather than down his chest.

By early afternoon, Hannibal was shaking, his bladder so full it ached. He could go to the bathroom down the hall, come back and sit down again. No one was here to see. No one was here at all.

Several moments more and Hannibal whimpered, helpless, heat spreading between his legs and down into his shoes as he let go. He hadn't wet himself since he was very small, since the orphanage, since before. Now he sat in his own mess and sobbed softly, fingers curling hard over the tabletop.

He didn't lift them.

He didn't get up.

He stayed sitting where Will had put him, because Will had *told him to stay.* And he was going to be good for him. He was going to be perfect for him.

He must have dozed off, because when Hannibal blinked up at the clock again it was evening once more. His clothes were damp with sweat and worse. His head was spinning. He hadn't eaten or had anything to drink for over 24 hours. He hadn't slept.

He hadn't moved.

Another helpless little noise and Hannibal bit his lip, closing his eyes and forcing himself to sit still. He hurt. He hurt everywhere. He thought of what Will had said, that he wasn't kind, that he wasn't going to coddle him.

Thinking of Will made it easier.

Thinking of Will released some tension from his muscles.

Thinking of Will made Hannibal's heart hammer in his chest.

"Hannibal."

Hannibal jerked at the sound, blinking quickly as he looked to the door, where Will leaned his shoulder against the jamb. He was smiling, soft and warm, a smile Hannibal had only ever seen on Will once, after they'd kissed.

This time Hannibal's sob came with tears.

"Sir -"

"Sweet boy," Will whispered, stepping into the office. "My sweet boy, aren't you tired?"

Hannibal nodded, shoulders shaking. "Yes, Sir."

"Does it hurt?" Will knelt beside him, uncaring for the mess in the floor, for the smell. Hannibal nodded again.

"Yes, Sir."

"But you're still sitting here," Will said, reaching out to cup Hannibal's cheek, to stroke his thumb beneath his eye to wipe the tears away.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"B-because you told me to stay," Hannibal whispered, voice ragged.

Will’s smile took on an amused quirk. “We’re both a bit of a mess, aren’t we?”

“No,” Hannibal said tiredly.

“Well, I am,” Will told him, “but that’s… You don’t care at all, do you?”

“No,” Hannibal said again.

“I wanted to be good for you,” Will admitted. “And I was worried I wouldn’t be. Worried I couldn’t give you what you needed, that I’d give you too much and it would break you. But look at you. You’re so *good* , Hannibal.”

Hannibal sobbed, the praise a balm against his embarrassment, his discomfort. Will took his hands gently.

“If you want a heavy hand, I can give you that,” Will said. “I can take over. I can make the decisions for you. Do you want that?”

Hannibal was shaking, everything coming to a head, overwhelming him. He squeezed Will's hands where he held them and nodded, another sob breaking from him, shattering like glass between them.

"Come here," Will said, guiding Hannibal to stand from the chair, pushing up on his knees to catch him when his unsteady legs wouldn't hold him up. "Come here, my beautiful boy, you've been so good for me."

"I'm filthy -"

"Shh," Will sat back against the desk and welcomed Hannibal into his lap, uncaring for the mess, uncaring for anything but having Hannibal in his arms again. He rubbed his hands over Hannibal's back, soothing the rigid straight line into a slouch, and whispered to him.

That he was such a good boy, that he'd done so well, that Will was proud of him, that he loved him, that he was Will's and Will's alone.

"Come home with me," Will murmured, lips pressed to Hannibal's temple, "come to my bed. Let me take care of you."

Hannibal pressed his damp face to Will’s neck, nodding.

Will spread a spare change of clothes over the backseat of his car, and then let Hannibal sprawl atop them. It was cramped because of Hannibal’s height, but not nearly as awful as sitting in a chair with his hands frozen for 24 hours.

“I want you to rest,” Will whispered, pressing a kiss to his brow. “There will be time to talk later. You had a really intense scene today and I don’t want you to crash.”

Hannibal nodded numbly, still hardly daring to believe this was happening.

Will lived far enough from his office that Hannibal was able to drift. He was disoriented when Will finally pulled him from the backseat and into a crowd of dogs.

“Don’t mind them,” Will said, leading Hannibal inside with an arm around his waist. “I’ll introduce you later.”

Hannibal blinked, overwhelmed by the sheer number, but held his hand out to be sniffed as they passed.

In the bathroom, Will began to fill a huge claw foot tub. He smiled up at Hannibal with that soft, warm expression from before.

“Strip, Hannibal. Let me take care of you.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> *“I need to know,” Hannibal finally whispered. His voice cracked halfway through. He cleared his throat and tried again. “I need to know that you aren’t going to leave.”*
>
> *Will’s arm tightened around him. He hummed softly. “I broke a Boy, once,” he confessed.*

Chapter Notes

> Very brief warning of mentions of suicide and eating disorders, but not for Hannibal or Will and not in any detail whatsoever except in using the words.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will took his time bathing his Boy. He gave every limb due attention, soaping over his skin with a loofah before letting it slip beneath foamy water again. When he started washing Hannibal’s hair, the Boy groaned and relaxed completely, bone-deep pleasure radiating off of him as pain had radiated before.

Will bent to kiss his forehead before cupping warm water in his hands to rinse the shampoo away.

Hannibal was drifting by the time Will got him out of the tub, and stumbled along to bed only because Will was leading him. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow, and he slept for hours.

When he woke, it wasn’t with a start. He was too warm for that. Hannibal blinked his eyes open and squinted across an unfamiliar room. A dog passed his line of vision, trotting along from the living room to the kitchen, and Hannibal blinked again, turning his face into the pillow with a gentle groan.

When he opened his eyes again, Will was walking towards him, feet bare beneath his corduroys. Hannibal’s entire body warmed at the sight, and he tilted his chin just a little to see Will better. He remembered the grueling hours sitting obediently at Will’s desk. He remembered Will coming to get him. He remembered little else, but that didn’t matter. Nothing did. Will was here, and he was crouching by the bed and reaching out to stroke Hannibal’s hair and everything was as it should be.

“Good morning, sweet boy,” Will murmured, eyes narrowing in pleasure when Hannibal turned his head into the hand petting him. He spread his fingers against his scalp, massaging the skin there as he so often had after Hannibal had knelt for him. “How are you feeling?”

“Hungry,” Hannibal mumbled.

“I have broth for you,” Will promised. “Nice and warm. Something easy for your stomach. What else?”

Hannibal tested his limbs. A small stretch of his arms, a bend of his knee. He even wiggled his toes. “I’m alright,” he finally said.

Will kissed his brow. “Let me know if that changes.”

Hannibal drank his broth from a mug, tucked up along Will’s side with Will’s arm a heavy weight around his shoulders. Will occasionally pressed a kiss to his temple, and every single one made Hannibal shiver.

“I need to know,” Hannibal finally whispered. His voice cracked halfway through. He cleared his throat and tried again. “I need to know that you aren’t going to leave.”

Will’s arm tightened around him. He hummed softly. “I broke a Boy, once,” he confessed.

Hannibal turned to look at him. Will took his mug and put it on the bedside table before welcoming Hannibal to lie down in his lap so he could stroke his hair as he sat against the headboard.

“We’d been together a long time, before we started to actually date.” Will said quietly. “We’d meet at the club and play together, he would ask me to give him instructions for his day, sometimes ask what he should eat, sometimes what he should wear. It was comfortable and we were happy enough.”

Will cupped Hannibal’s cheek softly before returning to threading his fingers through Hannibal’s blonde strands.

“When we moved in together I started to notice that he wasn’t doing so well. He wouldn’t eat unless I reminded him to, commanded him to. He didn’t sleep well. He acted out trying to earn a firm hand instead of asking for it. I thought that maybe he was pushing his boundaries, Boys do, sometimes, but even when I gave him what he said he wanted, he wasn’t getting better.”

Will stopped speaking for a long while, eyes in the middle distance as he watched the dogs meander into and out of the house through the screen door he’d propped open with a boot. Against him, Hannibal lay heavy and sleepy, once in a while turning his face to nuzzle Will’s lap. Will’s swallow clicked in his throat before he continued.

“I told him he needed to get help, to go to therapy. He refused, telling me that I was all he needed, that I was caring for him well enough - but I wasn’t. I knew I wasn’t. He was getting thinner. He wasn’t sleeping. When we played, he wasn’t enjoying himself anymore, he was

always angry. Eventually I made him go. He left me." Will drew in a deep breath. "A week later I got a call from the hospital. He'd tried to kill himself at a party."

"You didn't have anything to do with that."

"I had everything to do with it," Will brought a hand up to rub his eyes. "I should have done more."

Hannibal reached up, his hand cupping Will's face. "You did everything," he said softly. "Your boy was already hurting. That's not your fault."

"It feels like my fault," Will whispered. "And I… I couldn't do that to you, Hannibal. You looked at me, and you were so trusting. And I wanted to take that trust, I wanted to *own* it. I wanted… I want to own *you* ."

"You can," Hannibal said. "I'll let you. I want it too, Will."

"If you get hurt-"

Hannibal pushed up, guiding Will to turn his head until their eyes met. "I won't," he swore. "And if I do, we'll deal with it *together* ."

Will's eyes were brimming with tears. Hannibal wiped them away, as Will had done for him. He pressed his forehead to Will's, breathing in his shampoo, the soft scent of his skin. "Together," Hannibal whispered again, and kissed him.

Will's lips were soft, hesitant against his own. Hannibal cupped his face with both hands, pleading for more with how urgently he moved his lips against Will's.

So Will gave him more. He kissed back and opened his mouth to Hannibal, letting him explore. He guided his Boy to straddle him, wrapped his arms around him to arch his back, *moaned* when Hannibal tugged his curls in his eagerness to press closer.

Hannibal was beautiful. He hadn't left Will's mind for even a moment since he'd tried to get Hannibal to leave. Will had thought about how desperately he missed his Boy - *his* Boy - how he wanted to hold him, to command him, to care for him. How he wanted to wake up to Hannibal's sleepy smile and tell him to stay in bed while Will made coffee. He wanted to see him bloom, and thrive, and grow into his boundless potential.

Now he could.

Hannibal had not only allowed it but asked for it.

He needed Will like he needed air; like Will needed him.

"Remarkable thing," Will praised him, breathless as Hannibal ground down against him, both of them hard in their pants. "My beautiful Boy,"

"Say it again."

“Mine,” Will grinned, catching his hand in Hannibal’s hair and fisting it to hold him still. *“My* Boy.”

Hannibal let Will tug his head back, baring his throat, a beatific grin on his face. “Take me,” he said. “Have me, Sir, *please* .”

Will rolled them, pinning Hannibal to the bed beneath him. Hannibal hooked a leg around his, hauling him close.

He could be obedient, be still. He could let Will tie him down and hold him in place. But he could also be demanding, rolling his hips up against Will’s in frantic motions.

“Slow,” Will growled, pinning Hannibal with a tight grip on his hip. “I want to savor you.”

Hannibal moaned, but didn’t still. He reached for the hem of the shirt Will had loaned him, hauling it up and over his head.

“Naughty thing,” Will breathed. He grabbed for Hannibal’s hands, pinning them over his head.

“Keep those there,” Will told him, leaning up to kiss Hannibal’s forehead before letting him go. Obediently, Hannibal kept his hands where Will left them, eyes wide and following every motion he made. Will sat back, taking his time to peel his own shirt up and reveal his stomach. He rolled his shoulders, tilted his neck until it cracked, and brought a hand up to run through his hair with a low hum.

When he ducked his head, it was to look between them, both of them hard and tenting their clothes. Will rocked down against Hannibal once, twice, until the Boy whined, and then Will bent forward to take a nipple between his teeth.

“Oh, God,”

Will teased the other nipple between his fingers, twisting and tugging until Hannibal was shaking beneath him.

But he kept his hands where Will told him to. He didn’t reach down. He curled his fingers in the headboard, knuckles white with the effort, and gasped as Will worked him closer and closer to orgasm with just his mouth and hands. Hannibal’s cock was wetting a patch at the front of his boxers; he was so hard it almost hurt.

“You’re so responsive,” Will whispered, blowing a puff of air over one peaked nipple. Hannibal squirmed, struggling to hold himself still. “There’s so much I want to do to you.”

Hannibal breathed out a quiet moan, eyes squeezing shut as Will mouthed his way over to the other nipple, sucking and nipping until the areola had darkened from his rough attentions.

Hannibal was not quite matched when he pulled back, one nipple darker and more sore than the other, but Will liked it better that way. He liked to leave his Boys slightly on edge, uncertain of what was coming, barely able to control themselves.

“One day,” Will murmured, flicking the neglected nipple with the tip of his fingernail, “I’m going to make you come just like this.”

“I can’t,” Hannibal gasped.

“You will,” Will promised. “It might take a while, since you aren’t used to it. I’ll have to tie you up. It might take hours, but I’ll get you there. Though I don’t know how happy you’ll be about it.” He grinned, all teeth.

Hannibal shivered, arching his back off the bed, trying to rub himself up against Will where he sat atop. Will allowed it, watching Hannibal writhe in pleasure, cataloguing every expression, every sound.

He folded his fingers lightly beneath Hannibal’s chin, not pressing but suggesting, and his breath caught as Hannibal lifted his head obediently. He knew that if he squeezed, Hannibal wouldn’t stop him. If he squeezed harder, Hannibal wouldn’t make him stop then either.

The power was intoxicating. It was dizzying.

He dragged his hand down Hannibal’s chest and leaned up to have his lips follow the path; kissing hot against his throat, tracing wet lines over his collarbones, down the center of his chest. Will tongued Hannibal’s navel until the Boy squeaked, tickled and shaking.

“Please -”

“Please what?” Will asked, nuzzling the happy trail shadowing a line from Hannibal’s bellybutton to the waistline of his boxers. “What do you want, lovely thing? Tell me.”

“I want you to fuck me.”

Will laughed, low and rough and pleased, and nipped the sensitive skin just beneath the waistband.

“Oh, I’ll fuck you,” Will promised. “I’ll have you limping. I’ll turn you over and lick you clean after and have you lazy in the sheets all day so I can take care of you.”

“Please,” Hannibal bit his lip, spreading his legs around Will, angling his hips up as high as he could. “Please, Sir, *please -”*

“But first,” Will breathed, dragging his tongue flat over Hannibal’s twitching clothed cock. “I think I’d like a taste of this. Will you let me? Will you let me take you apart, beautiful boy?”

Hannibal’s thighs quivered. He was wide-eyed and dazed when he looked at Will, his lips parted in a soft little ‘oh.’

“I need words,” Will teased, his lips brushing the damp fabric. “I need you to answer me like a good boy.”

“Please, Sir,” Hannibal said, his response immediate and eager. “Please, I want you to.”

Will took the waistband of Hannibal's boxers between his teeth, tugging it down just enough to catch the fabric beneath the head of Hannibal's cock, exposing it to the air. "Words, Boy. What is it you want?"

Hannibal's eyes closed, and he sucked in a few slow breaths, trying to calm his racing heart. "I want you to suck my cock, Sir. Take me apart. Please."

"That's better," Will breathed, flicking his eyes up Hannibal's body for a moment before taking Hannibal's cock between his lips and deep into his mouth.

He lived for this. For the tremors in a Boy's muscles as he tried to close his legs around Will's head between his thighs. For the whimpers of pleasure and quick-caught breaths. For the taste of precome as he worked a Boy to desperation with his tongue and lips and teeth. Will could spend hours with a Boy spread beneath him, and had, and absolutely would, with Hannibal.

But right then, he worked Hannibal's cock like a man starved, pulling back to tease the head, slipping his fingers into his boxers to play with his balls, thumb pressed teasingly to his perineum.

"Oh fuck," Hannibal cried out, eyes tearing, cheeks hot with blush. "I'm gonna - I'm going to come, please -"

"Come," Will told him, the word rough and raw against Hannibal's nerves before Will took him into his mouth again. And Hannibal obeyed almost immediately.

The orgasm felt like a punch to the gut, Hannibal's voice pulled high and long and he wrapped his legs around Will's shoulders to hold on. His hands continued to cling to the headboard, fingers cool and numb from how tightly he held on, obedient.

He started to come around only when Will's lips were easing over his trembling belly again. He lifted his hips so Will could tug his boxers off him.

"God, you're so good for me," Will whispered, gently working Hannibal's hands free of their death grip and kissing his fingertips. "How did I get so lucky?"

Hannibal smiled up at him, overwhelmed. He reached for Will, once his hands were free, and Will settled atop him with a sigh.

"I'm going to have you," he murmured, reaching between them to undo his own jeans, shoving them down along with his briefs. "I'm going to fill you up, sweet boy."

Hannibal nodded, reaching back towards the headboard. Will snagged his hands and brought them back to wrap around him once more. "Hold on to me," he whispered. "You'll need to."

Will kept lube in his bedside table. He stretched Hannibal with one finger, two, crowding into his space, keeping him pinned to the bed while he whimpered and shifted. Hannibal felt oversensitive, overwhelmed, but he couldn't bear for Will to stop.

And Will didn't want to. Will worked him open, pressing damp kisses to the curve of his jaw. Then he finally settled between Hannibal's thighs, rubbing the head of his cock against Hannibal's slick entrance.

The penetration was easy and slow, and Will sighed out in pleasure against Hannibal as he worked himself deeper into him with every lazy thrust. He encouraged Hannibal to move; to draw up his knees, to spread his legs, to arch up. He told him how beautiful he was. He told him how crazy he made Will. He told him how good he was being, how absolutely perfect he was.

Nuzzling up against Hannibal's nose, Will grinned, one hand up to work a strand of hair back behind Hannibal's ear as his other held himself balanced over his Boy.

"I missed you," he told him earnestly. Hannibal's smile was shaky and bright, eyes narrowed, pupils blown wide. He heard the unspoken words, *thank you for bringing me back to my senses, thank you for reminding me who I am, thank you for showing me who you are to me…*

"I'm here," Hannibal promised him, and Will kissed him.

He set a lazy pace, a delicious lovemaking that had both of them breathless quickly, clinging to each other as Will worked Hannibal closer and closer to another release, holding himself back so his Boy could get pleasure first and foremost.

Always.

Always first.

After, their breath mingling, Hannibal laughed and wrapped his arms around Will's shoulders. "So when can I move in?"

Will hummed, nosing against Hannibal's temple. "How much do you have to move?"

"Whatever my uncle hasn't destroyed," Hannibal admitted, unsure. "Some clothes, some things…"

"Tonight." Will interrupted with a soft groan, shifting around to lay more closely wrapped around Hannibal. "We'll move you in tonight."

Some of Hannibal's things had been thrown out, but Chiyoh had salvaged most of it. She delivered it to Hannibal on the very edge of the property line, since his Uncle would not allow him any closer.

"He'll get over it," Chiyoh promised. "You are his only heir." They both grimaced at the implication: Chiyoh wasn't blood, and so didn't count.

"I really don't care if he does," Hannibal assured her. "You'll call?"

"I'll call."

Hannibal and Will were married five months later, quietly, with only Chiyoh and the judge to witness. They booked a bungalow with a private section of beach for their honeymoon, and spent most of it in bed, anyway.

They grew together, figuring out where they stood.

Hannibal got his job back, but he was ‘paid’ in attention rather than money. He spent most days on his knees beneath Will’s desk, his head tucked between Will’s thighs and his head drifting in peaceful bliss.

Some days, if he felt he wanted a little more attention, he made mistakes. He handed Will a letter, and Will uncapped his red pen.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR BEING ON THIS JOURNEY WITH US AND THE BOYS, God this was an amazing piece to write, we are so lucky to have such supportive friends with such awesome ideas!!

End Notes

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Title taken from the film quote: *"In one way or another, I've always suffered. I didn't know why, exactly. But I do know that I'm not so scared of suffering now. I feel more than I've ever felt, and I've found someone to feel with, to play with, to love, in a way that feels right for me. I hope he knows that I can see that he suffers, too. And that I want to love him."*

Things we did not include from the film: self-harm/cutting, additional romance for Hannibal.
Things we added that weren't in the film: Will's past re: BDSM

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